

## POEM

You make more of me than I am.  
I like that. Exact of me my  
most. I want it yours, you who bless  
me with the best in you. I have  
not tried myself. I am most shy;  
unsure; and evidence slight grace.  
Lack lustre, too, of speech and wit.  
Still, you care! Me? I love you; and  
as transfigured in your eyes want  
to be. But not thumb ruled as clay  
do I find form; rather as leaves,  
flowers work out identity.  
I open; farming furthest reach.  
Love's green breath that warms the rose  
is furnace at the roots of me.

*G. C. Oden*